Youth

Christmas is
Yesterday ✣ Today
✣ Tomorrow ✣ Summer
✣ me ✣ Easter too ✣
hat Scrooge is all
about ✣ Truth come
alive ✣ being loved
✣ Loving ✣ A Song
of Joy ✣ Christ
mass is for real

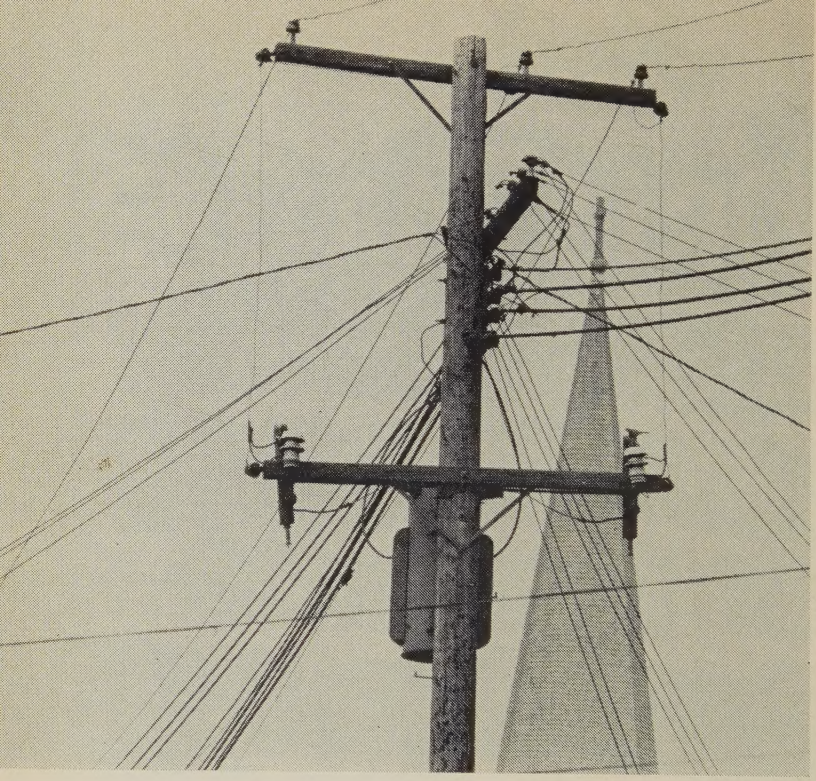

Photo by Ed Eckstein

Christmas Ikon

By Jack M. Matlaga

Small painted wooden thing
rigid prescribed (every line
color form)
Gleaming gold shines round
familiar figures
Mary, Joseph, the Babe.
Gold, solid stern
Gold to draw me through
to the waiting Holiness.

GOD HAS GONE WORLDLY

Y RONALD MORGAN / Teens, if Christianity as you find it disgusts you ith its other-worldliness, three cheers!

If, on the other hand, you think Christmas should be a "spiritual experi- ıce," you may be all wet!

If you think Christmas has little to do with the empty tomb, and nothing do with the bloody cross, you *are* all wet!

If you think being worldly is unchristian, a new freedom and responsi- lity awaits you!

If you find occasion to distinguish between sacred and secular (such as in t forms: music, drama, paintings, literature; or in vocations), you have issed the point of Christmas!

If you believe in the immortality of the human soul, please do not confuse ur beliefs with the Christian faith!

If you believe "incarnation" means "Like in a contented cow, man," if you think it was a once and only historical event, you may have an- her thought coming!

If you have settled upon the biological Virgin Birth as both historical d absolutely essential for the Incarnation, hold on; your foundations are aky!

If you would understand Christmas afresh, you must see it enfleshed. you get to the bottom of it all you find that what has happened is what called here, "God has gone worldly." This is not to say God has adopted corrupt or devilish or "ungoldly" set of values. This is to say in Jesus rist God has entered the world out of infinite concern for the world and s done it in a form common to the world. He has assumed earth's pos- e. He "took the form of a servant, being born in the likeness of men." hil. 2: 7) "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us." (John 1: 14) d went worldly, fleshly, and the implications of this Biblical truth we l the Incarnation shatter a lot of sham that passes off for Christian belief.

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Photo by Ken Thompson

Christmas Ikon

Mary lies stretched out
leaning on one arm,
a patrician at a banquet,
watching the warmly-wrapped
Both are safely lodged
in the mountain's side.
Hunched Joseph,
resting on his crook,
stands silently by
amazed
as fathers always are.

Without apology, this is theological. If you care enough to want to know what Christmas is all about, you have to get theological. But as we will discover, this is no other-worldliness, rather it is God invading His world.

God has acted. God has personally entered the world in Jesus Christ. The Christmas story is a story of something God has done. "When the fullness of time had come, God sent forth his Son, born of a woman." (Gal. 4: 4) God has initiated Christmas. He has acted by coming into the world in a form in which men might know Him, in a man.

When the creed says, "conceived of the Holy Ghost," this is what is meant. God has taken the initiative in overcoming the separation and barrier between men and Himself caused by human sinfulness. He has crashed the barrier by becoming man in Jesus. When the creed says "born of the Virgin Mary," the same is implied—God has done this, not men.

Sin is the willing rebellion of man against God. God has created us for full fellowship with Himself, and in this relationship, characterized by perfect trust and obedience, man finds himself fulfilled, complete, or happy ("blessed"). The Bible describes our rebellion as one of wanting to be God (Genesis 3), that is, being our own boss, rejecting our creatureliness and acting as though we were independent of our Creator. Thus sin, rebellion which leads to separation. This is what God has come into the world as a man to overcome. The Incarnation was motivated by God's great love and necessitated by the human condition, sin. "God so loved the world that . . ." you know the rest (John 3: 16).

The particular form of God's greatest act, the Incarnation, is not easily described. Jesus Christ was truly God and truly man, not a man with a divine soul, not an intermediate being of some kind, and not a man whose divinity could be detected by psychoanalysis. As Godman, Jesus cannot be described except in what may sound like contradictory sentences. We call this a paradox. Reason may tell us it is impossible, but experience tells us otherwise. D. M. Baillie (*God Was In Christ*) compares the Godman paradox with our own experience of good in our lives. Is it of God or our own? Paul said, "I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." (1 Cor. 15: 10) Somehow our experience is this—human achievement and yet the sense that the good was wrought through us by God. In some small way this paradox hints at the Godman paradox—truly God yet truly man.

The New Testament in a very few limited passages (Matthew and Luke birth stories) describes Jesus as virgin-born. No other passages refer to these. Amazing circumstances surrounded many Biblical births—Moses, Isaac, Samuel, Samson. Virgin birth is ascribed of Plato and other ancient greats. We would miss the real point if we said the whole truth of Jesus' nature is due to his being sired by God, and thus he is a half-God half-man. The biological Virgin Birth is a comparatively insignificant story in terms of the attention it gets in the New Testament. It is John who has the highest

christmas ikon

Holy image
ikon of wood and paint,
humble things
pressed into such lofty service,
Take me by the mind, hand
and heart,
Guide me to the hidden realms
above below without within
Wherever they may be.

concept of the Incarnation, and yet he never mentions the Virgin Birth. He only alludes to it in John 1: 13 as the type of birth all Christians enjoy in re-birth, born by the will and act of God.

Some (Barth) insist on the actual biological Virgin Birth as a visible sign of the Incarnation. Some (Machen) insist this manner of birth proves Christ to be the Son of God, and that without it, he is not. This tends to eliminate his humanity, make him other than a man as he has no earthly father. Others (Ferré, Bultmann) say Jesus *became* Son of God, Jesus was a man turned into Godman by God's loving will and Jesus' obedient faith. Many call it a "myth," a story not necessarily scientifically-historically accurate, but conveying a very great truth, in this case that God was in Christ, and was so by His will from his conception in his mother's womb. Here is the Christmas message: *God came in Jesus Christ, the Incarnation.* "If any man says he understands the relation of Deity to humanity in Christ, he only makes it clear that he does not understand all that is meant by an Incarnation." (William Temple, *Christus Veritas*).

Jesus Christ is God's intended life for us. We have in Jesus what God means by "man." Jesus Christ was perfectly what God intended us to be. God came in Jesus in a climax of history to remake Creation. "If anyone is in Christ (having his relationship of faith with God) he is a new creation." (2 Cor. 5: 17) "He was made what we are, that He might make us what He is Himself." (Irenaeus, 2nd century Christian) Ferré and Bultmann even say there was no virgin birth for Christ that is not repeatable in us, in the sense that God brings us into perfect relationship with Him. In Phil. 2: 13, after describing Christ as Son of God taking the humbling form of a servant-man fulfilling God's will, Paul says of the Christians, "God is at work in you both to will and to work for his good pleasure." Thus we become as Christ was, by God's act. We are re-born by God's act in the likeness of Christ through our faith, and even that is God's gift. (John 1: 13, Eph. 2: 8) God's intended life for us was lived in Christ, and we may have the same life. God will in a real sense become incarnate in us! The incarnation was not a once and only, it is renewed in Christians, though imperfectly.

God is "worldly." Islam (Mohammedanism) could never accept Incarnation, for Incarnation makes God "worldly." The Mohammedans believe God is so holy and "other" that He could not possibly enter history as a man or He would be defiled; He would cease to be God. Hinduism believes the divine Brahma dwells in man in somewhat the fashion of incarnation, as worshipper and worshipped, as hearer and pray-er, but the belief is that this indwelling makes one cease to be truly human. It is the death of the physical self and an absorption into spirit. This is not true incarnation, God enfleshed, rather it is man escaping the physical world. The Christian faith is that God enters the world in flesh, and there in man encounters man, struggles, suffers, dies and is raised.

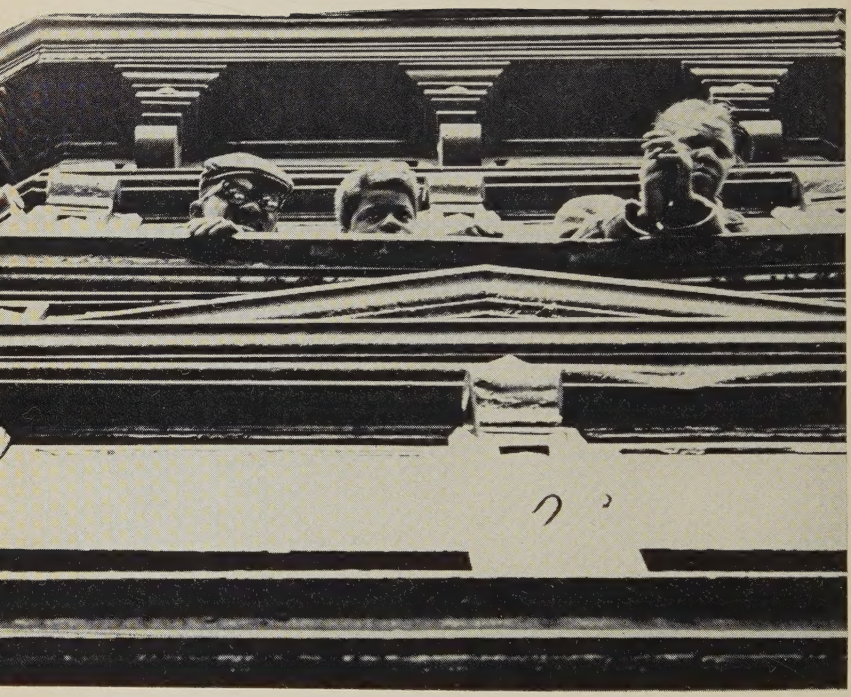


Photo by James Joern

Christmas Ikon

Straight ahead,
staring at me
The Living Ikon stands.
Flesh and blood
pressed into the form of God.
humble things
become
holy things
The Babe's now a man
living breathing walking laughin
Ikon of lavish Grace.

Since God so graced the world with His presence, He has demonstrated His great love for the world, His Creation, and in this sense we say the Incarnation implies that God is worldly.

The world is Godly. Conversely the world, Creation, is no evil at war with God. The world is the scene of God's redeeming (re-making, re-creating) activity. The world is not as it was created by God to be because of the misused freedom of men, but the world is not unredeemable. "For God sent not the Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved by him." (John 3: 17)

Sadly, a lot of otherworldliness or "spirituality" has been passed off as Christian belief. The old dualism of "Spirit is good; flesh is evil. Heaven is good; the world is evil. God is Lord of Heaven; Satan Lord of Earth," is closer to Islam, Zoroastrianism, Hinduism, and ancient Greek religion than Biblical religion. God created the world, saw that it was good (Genesis 1), and when He saw sin had entered it He did not forsake it but came Himself into it to save it. The world is God's. He loves it. He acts to redeem it.

Thus we cannot separate sacred and secular, if we mean by secular the unrelated to God. God created and loves all. The distinction may be valid as dividing good from evil, but this is not the manner in which we use it. "Undoubtedly the consequence of the incarnation is the abolition of a real distinction between sacred and secular." (Father McCabe in *Honest to God Debate*, Westminster, 176)

The Cross confirms the Incarnation. In the early Church there was a heresy called docetism which emphasized Jesus' divinity and de-emphasized his humanity to the point of saying he was not really a man but only appeared to be. The crucifixion was a tremendous problem for the docetists. They had to explain it as a mirage or as only seeming to be Christ suffering.

A boy in a Richard Jeffries book (*Bevis; the Story of a Boy*) looks at a picture of the Crucifixion and says, "If God had been there, he would not have left them do it." He missed the point, for God *was* there in all His love as He allowed them to do it. The Cross confirms the Incarnation. The Christian faith is that Jesus Christ was truly God incarnate, in the flesh. The suffering of Christ on the Cross is well testified in the New Testament—in all the gospels and many of Paul's letters. The bloody Cross demonstrates the "truly man" of the Incarnation. No other religion has its god to suffer. Christianity is unique. There is no doubt after the Cross that Christ was man.

The Resurrection confirms the Incarnation. If Christ had not been risen, had the Jews been able to find his body and prove the empty tomb was a desperate disciples' hoax, had the disciples not been convinced he lived again, the lives of the disciples would have been completely dashed. This was no Messiah, no Son of God, no Savior. But they became convinced otherwise. He was God incarnate, God the Father confirmed their faith in him by raising him. *God* is Lord, not Death. God is victor in Christ over all man's enemies.

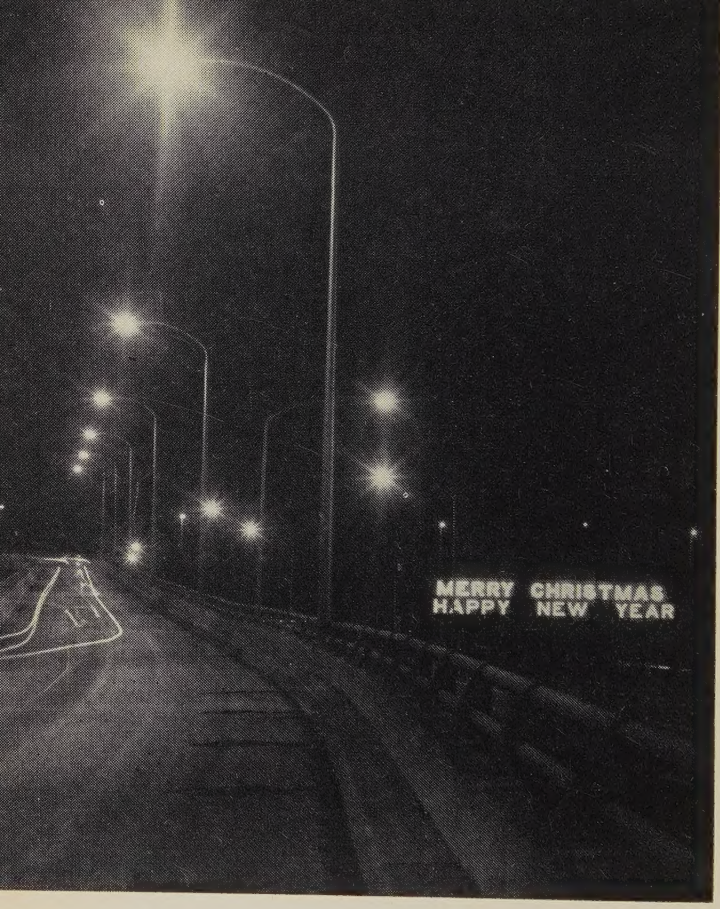


Photo by Robert Packman

Christmas Ikon

Wall hung ikon
Take me back to lands
where I am more at home
Where Holy Images must be called
paintings
Where the Living Ikon
no longer is seen.

Christ is risen as "the first-fruits of them that slept." (1 Cor. 15: 20) If Christ is raised, so shall Christians be raised from the dead, and in a resurrection similar to his. (Rom. 8: 11, Phil. 3: 21, 1 John 3: 2) The creed expresses it this way: "I believe in the resurrection of the body." The Christian faith is not in a future life as a "windy Spirit" less bodily in form than a ghost. The resurrection of Christians will be in some way different from the body as we know it now, yet it will be a body (1 Cor. 15) every bit as much as Christ was raised in body. This is no doctrine of an immortal soul as separate from body. This is resurrection of the total man. His incarnation in us shall be fulfilled in our resurrection.

The Church is an extension of the Incarnation. This is what the New Testament means by the Church as the Body of Christ. What God intended for Creation, for the people of Israel when He chose them, for the disciples, was fulfilled in Christ. That intended close fellowship with God and with one another is now intended for the whole world ("to unite all things in him." Ephesians 1: 10). The Church is called into being by God both to demonstrate this life to the world as Christ demonstrated it in his life among men, and to call others into it as Christ also did among men. The Body of Christ is the way Paul describes what the Church is—life in Christ, life in unity with and like the very life of Christ. The New English Bible has an interesting alternate reading for Ephesians 1: 23: ". . . church which is his body, and to be all that he himself is who fills the universe in all its parts." Phillips has a similar translation: "in that body lives fully the one who fills the whole wide universe." The Church is to present Christ to the world. It does so by being in its life *his* Life, serving man, demonstrating his life, and calling all men to their true humanity (life with God).

A true Christmas celebration calls attention to and into being Incarnation. It calls attention to God having become man, enfleshed, worldly. It will be no spiritual retreat from the world, but involvement in the world God loves and saves as His channel of, His expression of, the life of Christ. Would that our celebrations might find media to express the miracle of Incarnation. A basket to the poor is only a token of incarnate love, but it is certainly greater than an aluminum explosion with spotlight. Holy Communion is very fitting at Christmas as it recalls the suffering and risen Incarnate One, but have we not in ignorance asked what Communion and Christmas have to do with one another?

Christmas is a once-a-year call for worldly Christians to join their worldly God who expresses Himself in Jesus Christ in an everyday life of relationship with God. That relationship expresses itself in being as persons and as the Church the Body of Christ for God's world. ▼

RONALD K. MORGAN / Mr. Morgan is pastor of the Community Church of the Brethren, Hutchinson, Kansas.

WE GIVE THANKS . . .

O give thanks to the Lord, for he is good.

We thank Thee for hamburgers with onions,
for French fries and cokes,
For thick, juicy steaks, for ice cold milk
For salted cashew nuts, for hot buttered rolls,
For delicious apples, **and** milk cheddar cheese.

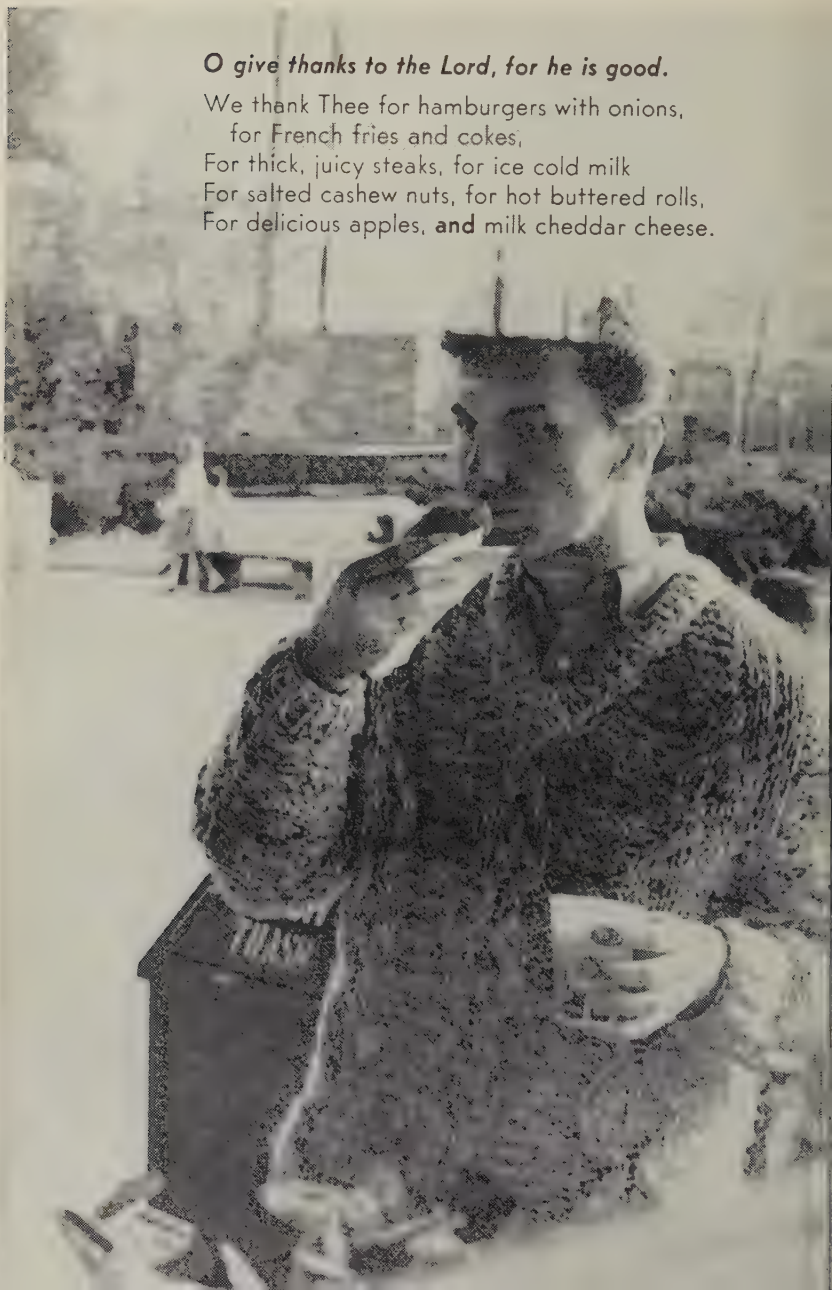


Photo by Barbara Hirsh

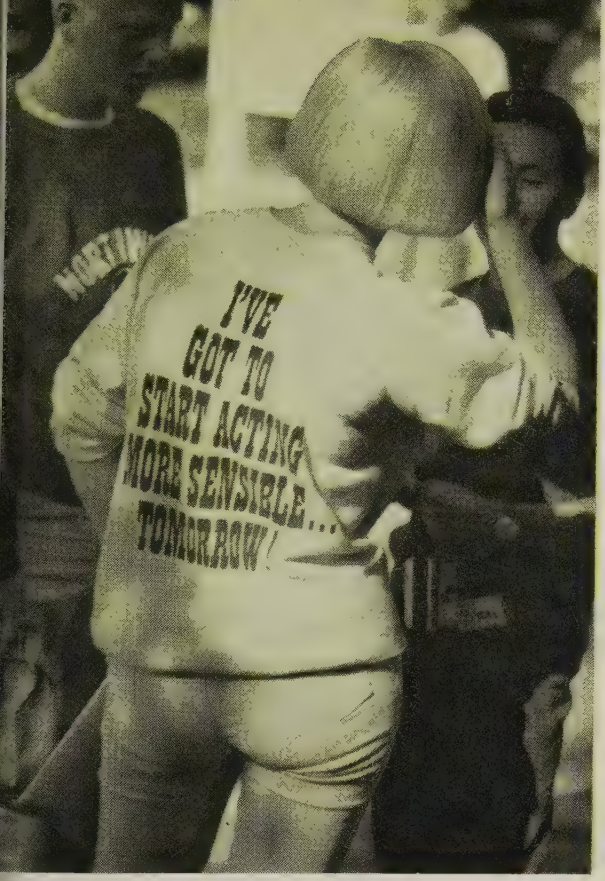


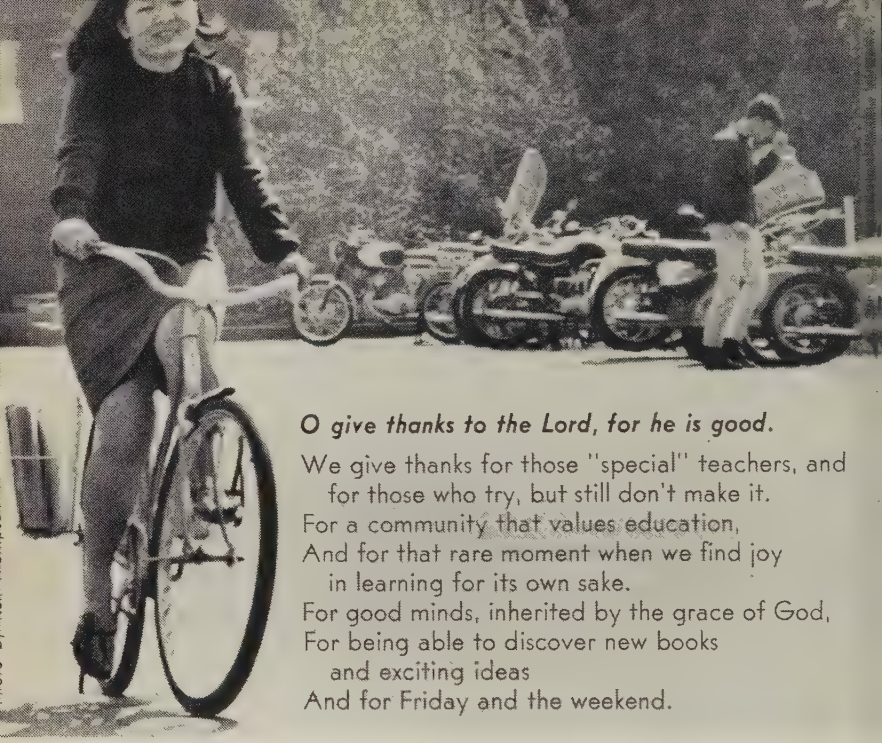
Photo by Irving Sherman

give thanks to the Lord, for he is good.

e thank Thee for madras plaid, and rough-textured tweeds
- blue-jeans, tennis shoes, and big sloppy sweatshirts
- cashmere sweaters, and Italian-made sandals
- warm, wooly knee-socks, and soft, roomy loafers.

O give thanks to the Lord, for he is good.

We thank Thee for summer with its sun,
its burning sand and sea,
For the crunching of autumn leaves underfoot
(Though we do not like to rake them)
For rainy days, with solitude and self-reflection
And for Christmas trees and the spirit of giving.



O give thanks to the Lord, for he is good.

We give thanks for those "special" teachers, and
for those who try, but still don't make it.
For a community that values education,
And for that rare moment when we find joy
in learning for its own sake.
For good minds, inherited by the grace of God,
For being able to discover new books
and exciting ideas
And for Friday and the weekend.

O give thanks to the Lord, for he is good.

We thank Thee for the color and excitement of football games
And for the spirit and fun of pre-game rallies,
For the freedom and self-expression in rock and roll
And for the buttterflies of anticipation before that big dance.
For Friday nights at the "Y", and Saturday nights at the show
And for our Sunday nights together, and our weekend trips to camp.

Photo by Joe Tritsch

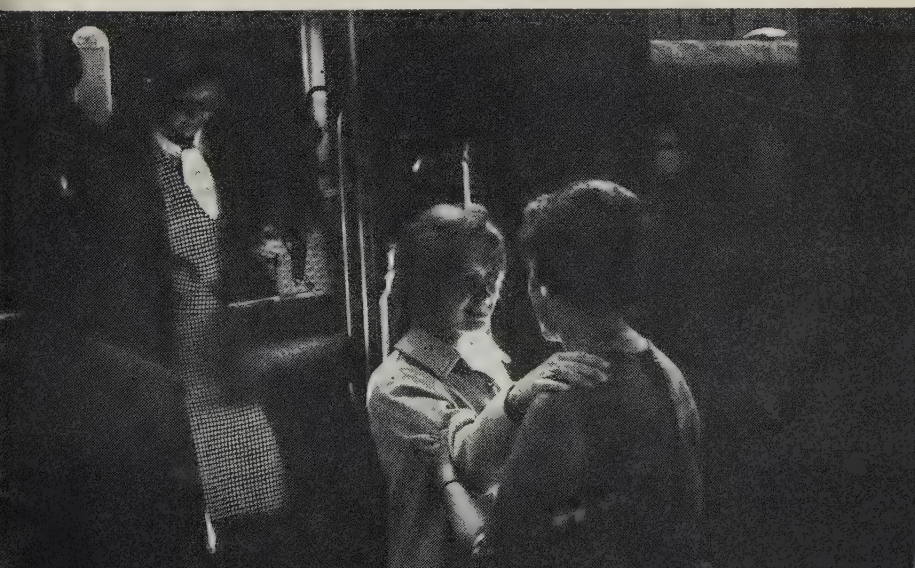
O give thanks to the Lord, for he is good.

We thank Thee for the feeling that binds us to one another, though we're too embarrassed to call it love.
For the person who is close enough to understand us, accept us, and tell us what we're really like.
And for the person who offers his ear when we need to be heard.
We thank Thee Father for our human parents, who mean well, and even do well, more than we would like to admit.

O give thanks to the Lord, for he is good.

We thank Thee for the Church which reminds us of Thy claim upon our lives in spite of our own wishes to live unto ourselves.
For the wonder and awe of our own person and for the hope and promise of what we can become in you and with each other.
For what we can give to others and the world, in spite of our own secret inferiorities
And above all, we thank Thee for the love of Christ, and the clue of Thy presence in this crazy, mixed up wonderful world.

Litany written by Karen Kromhout and Rev. E. Larry Beggs, San Mateo, Calif.



new hymn for a new day!

Religious News Service

BY A. H. VAN DEN HEUVEL / There was a minister in a European country not very long ago, who told his congregation on a Sunday morning that they would only sing one hymn: "What we should like to sing about," he said, "is not in the hymnal; what is in the hymnal about our subject is obsolete or heretical. So let us be silent and listen to the organ."

This little story is, of course, irritating. I can already hear lots of people say: but there are beautiful hymns in our hymnal! Our fathers have sung them for many centuries! We have learned them from our mothers! What is wrong with Ambrosius' hymns, Luther's hymns, the Psalms, the Wesleyan treasury, and all the others? The man in our story would have shrugged his shoulders, I am afraid. His point is not that there are no good hymns, but that there are very few which support his preaching and that of his generation. I am with him on this. There are many things in the life of the denominations which are frustrating, but few are so difficult to live with as this one. Choosing the hymns for Sunday morning worship is an ever-recurring low ebb in my ministry.

We cannot exaggerate the importance of an authentic and adequate hymnbook in our churches. Father Gelineau, the famous Roman Catholic expert in the field, wrote in *Concilium* (I, 2) that congregational singing is the most important worshipping activity of the community, next to the eucharist. I tend to agree with him, in spite of the Lutheran and Reformed emphasis on the preaching of the Word. It is the hymns, repeated over and over again, which form the container of much of our faith. They are probably, in our age, the only confessional documents which we learn by heart. As such, they have taken the place of our catechisms. Moreover, many traditions are demonstrably determined by their hymnals. Think of the Orthodox Churches and the Methodists, the Salvation Army and the Reformed (Psalms). There is ample literature about the great formative influence of the hymns of a tradition on its members. Tell me what you sing, and I'll tell you who you are!

That means, it seems to me, that we can talk about new theological insights as much as we like, but as long as these insights are not translated into liturgical hymns, they will never reach the people. It seems nonsense to me that we learn together a new corporate existence in community, but sing Sunday after Sunday: "When *I* tread the verge of Jordan, bid *my* anxious fears subside;" and so continue to emphasize the individualism of the 18th and 19th centuries. It is senseless to speak about the secular city, but to keep singing: "O come, Thou Key of David, come, and open wide our

heavenly home. Make safe the way that leads on high, and close tu path to misery." It is dangerous to work for "an urban faith" and t sing on Sunday about nothing but nature. Where are the hymn which speak about the humanization of the structures of our societ Where are the hymns that help us express our new insights into th kingship of God? Where are the hymns which show our fascinati with the human-ness of Christ? Where are the hymns which expres hope, not in heaven, but on earth?

And we could go on. Our Roman Catholic brethren have purifi the text of their liturgy of all which could foster anti-semitism; but w have hardly begun to purify our hymn books. I do not want t ridicule what is dear to many people, but it is either comic or tragi to hear a congregation which speaks about its service and witness i the modern world, sing about an ingrown concentration on their ow salvation. It seems to me that our unrenewed hymnbook is a greate obstacle to the renewal of our churches than all our outdated theolog cal utterances.

It becomes even more painful when we think about th *missionary* congregation which wants to be a showcase of God's mis sion to the world. It seems to me an illegitimate testing of the Hol Spirit to expect him to convince people to join a community which i its corporate worship is both artistically and theologically so self contradictory. We, the "tradition-Christians," can always find histor cal and pastoral arguments for keeping our hymnbooks as they are but if we don't want to obstruct God's mission to man, our hymn accuse us. The beautiful hymns which are also in our hymnbook can hardly serve as an excuse for not doing some hard work here!

Why is it that the Christian Church is so slow on this issue Many churches are working on their confessions; many work on the ecclesial forms, and are engaged in experiments with industry recreation, science, philosophy and hermeneutics. But our hymns a hardly touched. Perhaps I should say that differently. There are de nominations which have just changed their hymnbooks, but whe they did that, nothing radical happened. It is restoration we a engaged in, rather than renewal. The exceptions to this rule a notably few. If we change, we update a bit here and there, we throw out the worst atrocities, but we keep singing our natural theology an individualistic hymns.

This is even more puzzling when we hear how the world sings Wherever something happens, people start to sing. In the racial con flict, in the struggle for independence of the southern hemisphere songs flourish. In the north some of the best criticism of the *statu*

quo in society comes in the form of cabaret songs. The peace movement is spread by commercial artists who have recognized the "groaning of creation" and have set it to music.

Many of these songs are profoundly Christian. "We Shall Overcome" reminds us of the Apocalypse and of Romans chapter 8. "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" reminds us of the prophets. Edith Piaf could sing dramatically about the great deeds of God. And what shall I say more, for the time would fail me to tell of Bessie Smith and Joan Baez, George Brassens, Marlene Dietrich, Pete Seeger and others, who have all spoken in *koine* (that is, in secular language) of the great dangers and challenges which are presented to man, and of the hope of an initiative from the other side.

What the world sings is all right, and many Christians have only learned to sing there. Maybe it was for this reason that the reformers often used tunes which were popular in the pubs of their day. It remains a salutary thing to hear the original words of now "sacred" hymns.

I would have thought that the Christian community could only learn to sing again if we were to find the *kairos* of our history, the pregnancy of the times in which we live. Bonhoeffer once said, in the time of Hitler, that the only person who is allowed to sing Gregorian chant is he who also cries out for the Jews. In that one (very harsh) statement, the unbreakable link between involvement and liturgy is given for all time. One can only sing in the church, when one is really connected with the dynamic principle of history.

That does not mean that we always need new hymns. There are hymns which were written once and for all. But traditional hymns can only live when new ones are also sung. Since singing is dynamic activity, in which a community expresses itself, it must be a combination of both. Therefore new hymns are as important as old ones. And the old ones have to be continually tested, theologically, musically and poetically. Unauthentic language or simply bad music corrupt our faith. They give both the outsider and the participant the wrong concept of God. It is not for nothing that the eschatological visions of both Israel and the *ecclesia* include the hope of a new song (Isaiah 42: 10; Revelation 5: 9, and 14: 3).

A H. VAN DEN HEUVEL / Albert van den Heuvel is Executive Secretary of the Youth Department of the World Council of Churches. He wrote the above article as an introduction to RISK: NEW HYMNS FOR A NEW DAY, published by the Youth Departments of the World Council of Churches and World Council of Christian Education. RISK: NEW HYMNS FOR A NEW DAY is available from the World Council of Churches at a cost of 75 cents per copy. The hymns which appear on the following pages are reprinted from this same edition of RISK.

lord of the dance

TEXT: S. CARTER TUNE: TRADITIONAL ENGLISH, ARRANGED AND ADAPTED BY S. CARTER

1. I danced in the morning when the world was begun, And I danced in the moon and the
2. I danced for the scr - be and the phar - i - see, But they would not dance and they

stars and the sun And I came down from heaven and I danced on the earth At
wouldn't follow me, I danced for the fish-er-men, For James and John They

Chorus

Beth - le - hem I had my birth. Dance then wher - ev - er you may
came with me And the dance went on.

be I am the Lord of the Dance said he And I'll lead you all wher -

ev - er you may be, and I'll lead you all in the Dance said he.

3. I danced on the Sabbath and I cured the lame,
The holy people– Said it was a shame
They whipped and they stripped And they hung me high
And they left me there On a Cross to die.

4. I danced on a Friday when the sky turned black
It's hard to dance with the devil on your back
They buried my body and they thought I'd gone
But I am the dance And I still go on.

5. They cut me down and I leap up high
I am the life that'll never, never die
I'll live in you if you'll live in me
I am the Lord of the Dance, said he.

From "9 Carols or Ballads," (c) 1963 by Carter.
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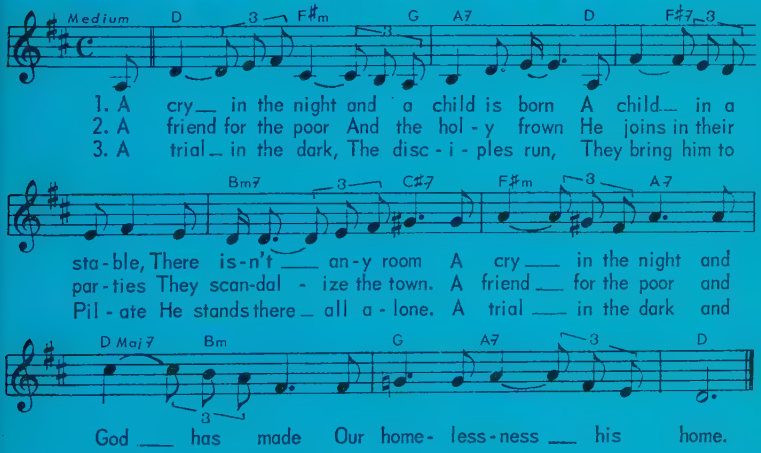
a cry in the night

TEXT: GEOFFREY AINGER TUNE: IAN CALVERT



4. A man on a cross And the sun beats down.
Up there on the gallows He's got a thorny crown.
A man on a cross and God has made . . .

5. A voice in the dawn When the women come,
"You're looking for Jesus Don't seek him in a tomb".
A voice in the dawn and God has made . . .

From **Songs from Notting Hill,** (c) 1963 by Ian Calvert.
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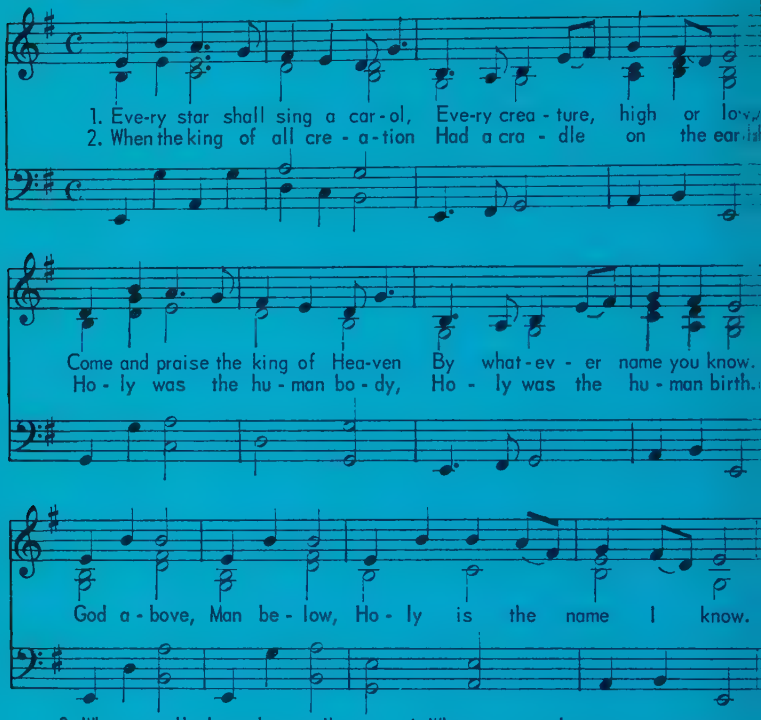
every star shall sing a carol

TEXT AND TUNE: SIDNEY CARTER



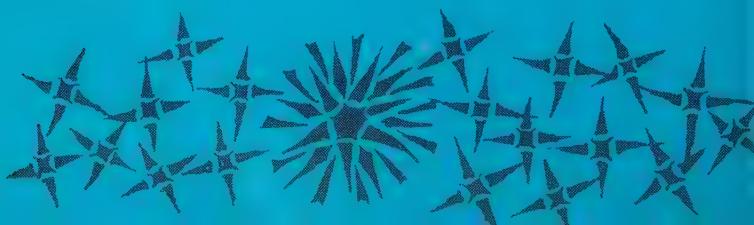
3. Who can tell what other cradle
High above the milky way
Still may rock the king of Heaven
On another Christmas Day?

4. Who can count how many crosses
Still to come or long ago,
Crucify the king of Heaven?
Holy is the name I know.

5. Who can tell what other body
He will hallow for his own?
I will praise the son of Mary,
Brother of my blood and bone.

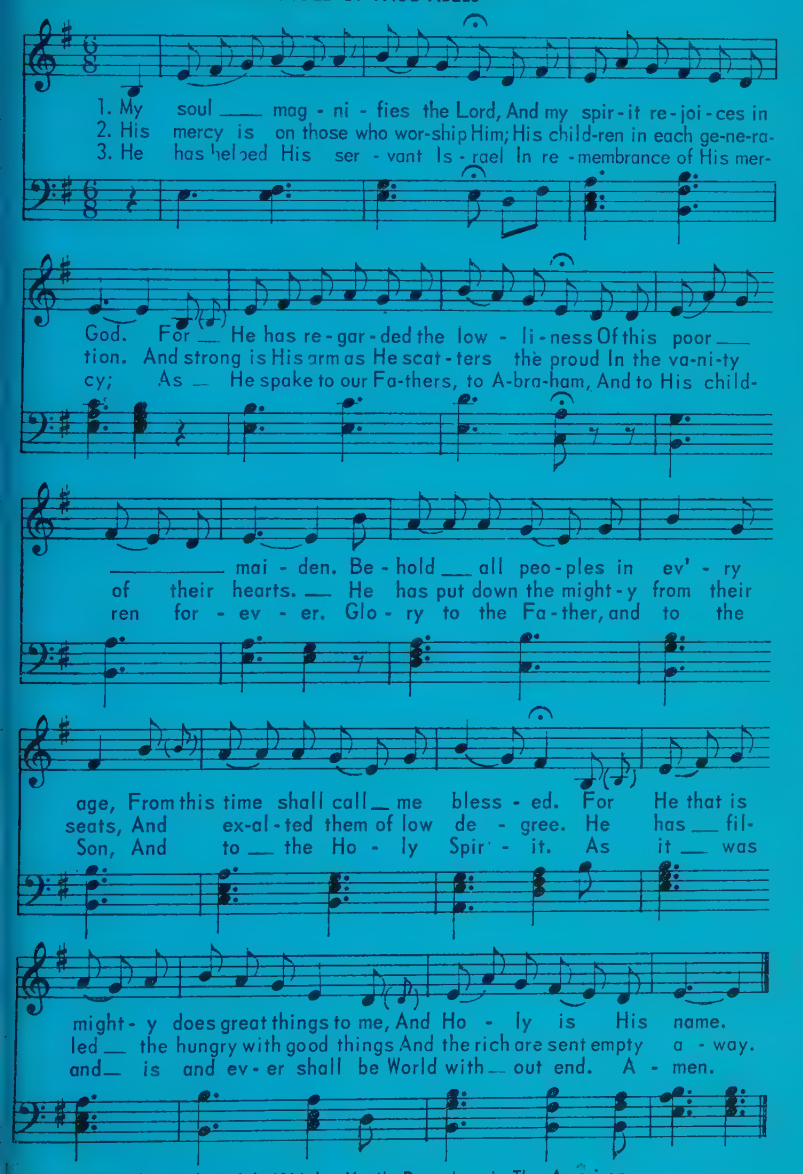
6. Every star and every planet
Every creature high and low,
Come and praise the king of Heaven
By whatever name you know.

From "9 Carols or Ballads," (c) 1961 by S. Carter.
Used by permission.



magnificat

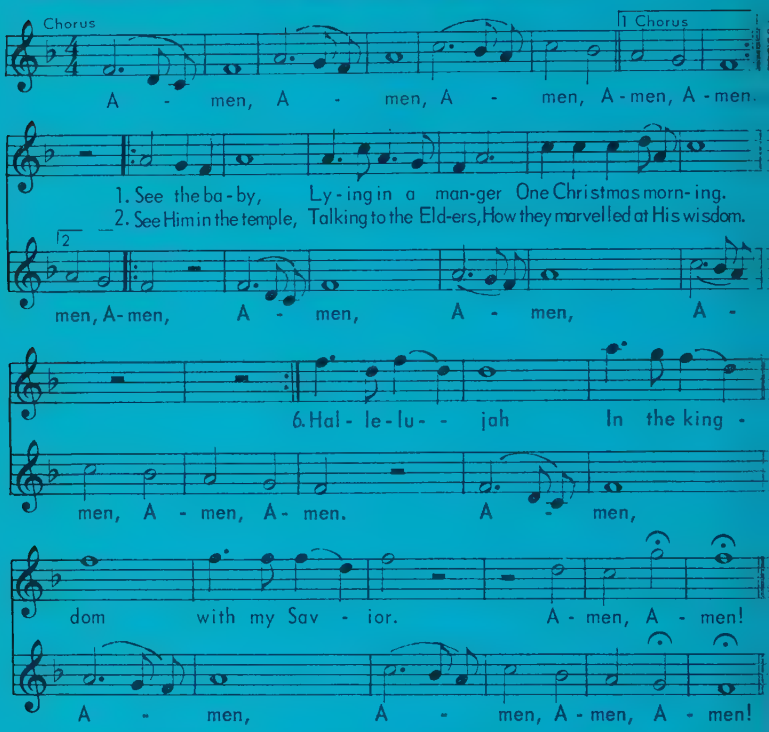
TEXT: ADAPTATION BY EWALD BASH OF LUKE 1: 39-55
TUNE: EWALD BASH. ARRANGED BY PAUL ABELS



From **Songs for Today**, (c) 1964 by Youth Department, The American Lutheran Church. Used by permission.

amen, amen

TEXT: NEGRO SPIRITUAL TUNE: ARRANGED BY MARION DOWNS

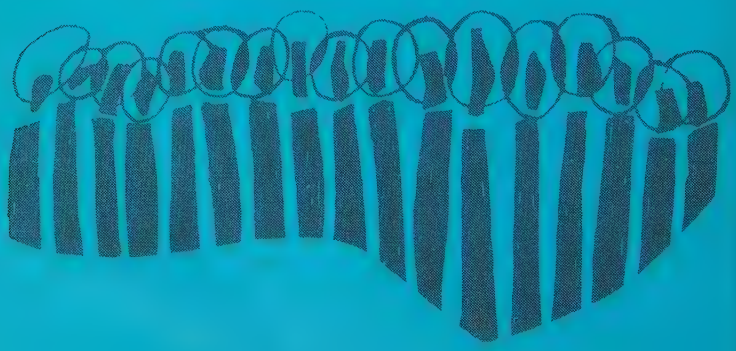


3. See Him at the seaside,
Preaching and healing,
To the blind and the feeble.

4. See Him in the garden,
Praying to His Father,
In deepest sorrow.

5. Yes, He is our Savior,
Jesus died to save us,
And He rose on Easter.

From "Alleluia," (c) by Cooperative Recreation Service, Inc., Delaware, Ohio. Used by permission.



HOLIDAY HUMOR

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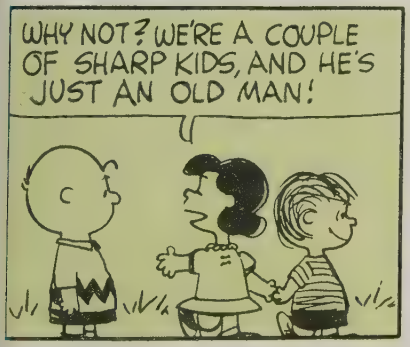
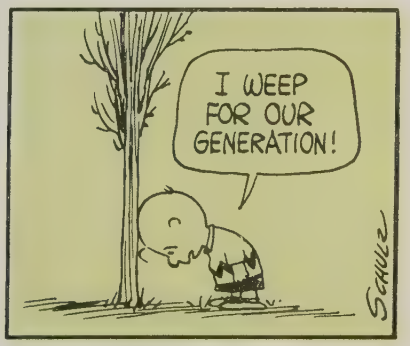
". . . and that one I bagged one foggy Christmas Eve"





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you can use art to make people see clearly

time to speak . . .

BY JEAN LOUISE SMITH / Arnold Trachtman doesn't give titles to his paintings. He doesn't need to—you know immediately what they're all about. As you look at them, an emotion best described as "outrage" begins to flood you. At least, this is the way this writer felt in coming across a group of Trachtman's paintings in Darmouth College's Hopkins Center. Webster says "outrage is wrong done to persons or things," and that's exactly what these paintings reflect about the world today.

Arnold Trachtman himself says: "The pictures came into being because they had to. But I don't mean this to sound as though I'm an unconsciously driven force. What I mean is that if you're an artist you very naturally paint, or sculpt, or write and it's a safe world. If you're serious, you ask yourself, what shall I paint, what shall I sculpt, what shall I write, and who is it for? Very quickly you find yourself in the real world, and the universe of your ego seems quite insignificant. You think of a dozen places you ought to be rather than in your studio.

"The world must be changed so that people can be human. There are things to be done and help and understanding to be brought to all parts of the world. You feel that you must go to Mississippi, you must go to Chicago, you must go to Vietnam, you must go to Latin America, you must help the migrant workers of California, you must go where there is need. Your art seems a very small thing in the real world, but it's all you've got. What do you do? You use it. You use it to connect with. You use it as a speaker uses a microphone, as a tool of communication. You use it to speak for those who cannot speak, you use it to bear witness, you use it to make people see clearly, you use it to extend consciousness."

So, here is an artistically gifted man who has the courage of his convictions to paint what grips him as he looks at the world. This kind of art stirs up controversy among the critics who think that art should be pure and beautiful, or that it should keep away from current problems. The really bold artists today are doing work that forces us to look at ourselves and at our world. We may not agree (perhaps because we don't like what we see!) and that is our privilege, of course.

Born in Lynn, Mass., in 1930, he holds the Bachelor of Fine Arts Degree from the Massachusetts College of Art and the Master of Fine Arts from the Art Institute in Chicago. He served in the U. S. Army from 1953 to 1955. In addition to the exhibition at Dartmouth College the summer of 1966, he has had one-man shows in galleries in Chicago, New York, and Boston. Trachtman uses sharply defined outlines and gives emphasis where he intends it by distorting a face or the thrust of a hand or a club. He uses violent colors to convey violence of feeling.

One could sum up his work with his own words: "Art is worth little if it's not connected with something bigger than itself, and the world is a poor place if people are not connected to one another. The artist could help to make some of those connections."

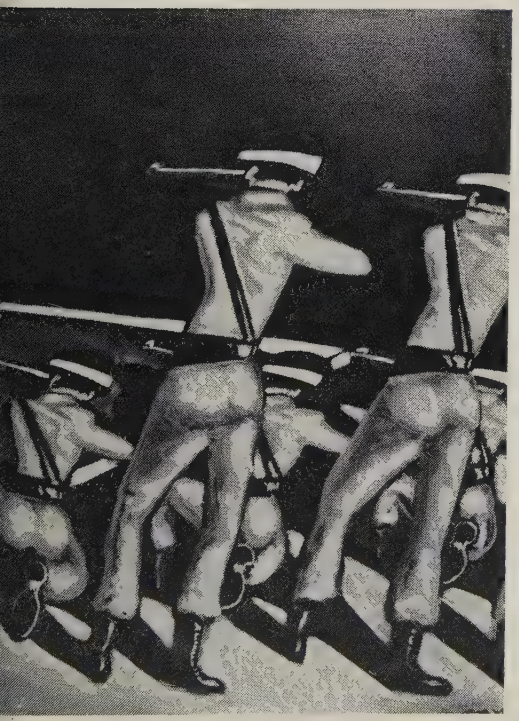
JEAN LOUISE SMITH / Miss Smith is a free-lance writer and specialist in religious art. She is currently serving a church in Turnbridge, Vt.

you can use art to extend consciousness

you use it to bear witness

you use art to speak for
those who cannot speak

S.P.U.



when the wise man appeared

by Trot Anderson

The battery in the car had gone dead; and it turned out to be a bitterly cold night, vast and empty, a ringing void domed with icy stars. Over Hallett's Hill the evening star danced like tinsel on the tip of a Christmas tree. The still air was resonant as the inside of an iron bell; but within our snug farmhouse it was mellow with the

Art by Charles Newton

warmth of three cherry-red stoves. The dinner things had been push back, and I was feeling relaxed and content, lazily smoking a cigare when Bruce came into the room.

He had gone upstairs in heavy boots and flannel cruiser's shirt. reappeared in a long white nightgown with a purple cloak of tinte cotton over his shoulders. In one hand he held a tall crown of yel pasteboard and tinsel. From the other swung an ornate censer. I boots had been replaced by thin flapping sandals.

"What in the world are you supposed to be?" I asked.

My wife looked at him critically. There was both concern a tenderness in the look. Women always look tenderly at Bruce; a then, of course, she had more than a hand in his costuming. She s indignantly:

"He's one of the Wise Men of the East!"

Virginia, my daughter, put both hands to her face, ready to st an hysterical shriek because Bruce, who is small for 14, likes to grouped with men, swinging a double-edged axe with the best of th and handling a 12-gauge as if it were a BB gun. With a tight vo she managed to say:

"Have you got matches for that thing?"

With considerable difficulty Bruce raised his skirts and produce box from his pants pocket.

"He'll be ready," said my wife, "whatever happens!" She looked me and I thought again how lovely she is. That did me no good. I look was an urgent reminder. I felt all the chill of the night air r up my spine, suddenly remembering that I had promised to get boy to the schoolhouse in town in good time for the Christr pageant. I shuddered and groaned and went out in the night pull on a heavy coat.

By one of those freaks of mechanical whimsy that baffle man, maker, the engine caught at the first turn of the crank, and off went with a bang, bouncing and roaring across the rough frozen fie That was a trick of the devil.

At the turn of the barn the generator couldn't pick up enough c rent; and there the engine died. My heart sank with its last long si I looked out the side of my eyes at Bruce, sitting there saying nothi making me think what a kid he still was, with the crown and cen clasped in his arms, staring down that long endless lane that appeared in the lonely hills.

It was a moment of deep breathless silence. The hills walled us from all hope of neighborly assistance. Hallet's place was more th a mile and a half away, and the nearest turn of Route 90, even w the thin chance of a lift, was more than two miles away. Still, w

could I do about it? I felt as helpless as a kid myself and I had promised to get him there on time.

Well, I thought, it's not tragically important. Bruce said nothing, but his eyes were wide, staring now at the big star twinkling just over the ragged edge of the mountain. Then a strange and uneasy feeling stirred in me, because I knew the boy was praying. He had made his promises too!

Before I could move, he dropped his crown and censer and scrambled out of the car, stumbling over his skirts. But all this straining, and heaving at the crank was useless. I strained and heaved in turn and was equally impotent. When we weren't sweating we were shivering. The still air cut like knives. Every deep breath rasped my lungs until I sputtered.

Ordinarily we might have pushed the car to the edge of the rise and rolled it down the hill in gear; but the grease stuck like cement, and we couldn't budge it. After a while I straightened my cramped back and guessed I'd smoke a cigarette while I thought it over. When I struck a light with fumbling hands and looked up through the smoke Bruce was scuttling down the lane, one hand holding his skirts, one hand swinging the censer, the high golden crown perched cock-eyed on his head. I hesitated between laughing at him and yelling for him to stop. At the moment it seemed that was about the only thing he could do. As for me, here wasn't anything I could do. Then I thought of the expression on his face as he prayed, and I felt mean, realizing that a man's view and a boy's view are not necessarily the same.

I threw the cigarette away and began once more to crank.

I don't know how long the struggle lasted, but all at once the engine sneezed. With hands clenched and eyes closed I straightened slowly and held my breath. The engine began to cough throatily, I scrambled frenziedly into the car.

Just about where Fifth street enters Stroudsburg I overtook Bruce. There was a twist at my innards at sight of that small figure trudging along with the cock-eyed crown on his head and the censer hugged to his stomach. A long sigh went out of me as he turned his face into the lights with a white-lipped grin. His gown was torn and he shrivered violently.

"You shouldn't have gone off that way," I growled. "It's too cold. It's terribly cold!"

"I put twigs in the censer," he said, "and made a fire. I kept warm enough."

"But look at your feet! You might have frozen them!"

"It wasn't so bad. I took a bearing on the star and made a short

cut across Lasoine's farm. It came out right back there by the ne cottage."

After that I was too busy putting on speed to say much. We arrive at the school on time. I stood in back and watched.

A good many years have passed since I last saw the story of Bethl hem and the homage of the Three Wise Men presented by child e at Christmastime. It had become so old a story to me that it seeme strange to realize that to them it was new.

When I saw Bruce walking stiff-legged on cut and chilblained fe with his two companions on the stage, kneeling by the creche, d claiming his studied lines, I first regretted my laughter at the dinn table, then an uneasy awe rose up within me.

Going home we stopped at a garage for anti-freeze and at a soc counter for hot chocolate, and I said nothing but commonplace thing As we rolled comfortably out Fifth Street Bruce showed me where th shortcut came out.

"That's where the Thompsons lived," I said, "before the plac burned down."

"I know," said Bruce, "where the boy was burned to death."

A new house had been built on the old foundations and people we again living there.

"They've got lights burning."

As we passed the Lasoine farm there were lights burning there, to I thought this was strange, because since George Lasoine had gon off to war the old grandmother, who had lost her youngest son in th first war, had sort of shriveled up, and a gloom lay over the hous but as I slowed down I could see Lou Lasoine through the kitche window, smoking his pipe and smiling at the two women talking, I sensed everything was all right.

So far as I knew that was about all there was to the evening; b on Christmas Day the Good Farmer's Wife came by with gifts mincemeat made from venison and a jug of sassafras cider. She ha shaken off her customary pessimism and was full of bounce and hig pitched talk. I heard the laughter and ejaculations in the kitche where my wife was supervising the Christmas feast; and since I ha a weakness for the racy gossip of the countryside, I drifted toward th kitchen too.

"You must hear this!" said my wife, drawing me in.

The Farmer's Wife looked at me with a glittering but wary eye.

"You haint's agoin' to believe it either," she said. "Just the sam I'm tellin' you folks up here in the hills see things and they c believe!"

"What have you been seeing?"

"It was old Mrs. Lasoine. Last Tuesday night when she was a-feelin' awful low she thought she heard something back of the barn and she looked out. Now I'll say this for the old lady—she's got good vision. That she has! Plenty good! There warn't no moonlight, but if you recollect it was a bright starry night. And there she saw, plain as her husband, one of the Wise Men of the Bible come a-walkin' along the hill with a gold crown on his head, a swingin' one of them pots with smoke in them—"

My mouth opened and I looked at Rosamunde and Rosamunde looked at me; but before I could say anything, the Farmer's Wife hurried on:

"Now don't you start a-laughin'—not yet!—'cause that hain't the long and short of it! There's other testimony! Them Thompsons. You know the ones whose oldest boy was burned in the fire? Well, there it was the children. First, they heard him. They heard him a-singin' 'Come All Ye Faithful' plain as day. They went runnin' to the window and they seen the Wise Man a-walkin' in the starlight across the lane, gold crown and robes and firepot and all! Well, my goodness, they put up such a shoutin' and a yellin' that their parents come a-runnin'. But by then it was too late. He was gone. Just disappeared. Afterward they went out and looked but they couldn't find hide nor hair—"

"Did they see any other signs?" I asked faintly.

The Farmer's Wife scoffed.

"Old folks and children see things which maybe we can't. All I can say is this. Lasoines and Thompsons don't even know each other. But old lady Lasoine was heartsick and lonely and a-prayin' about her lost boy, and the Thompsons was heartsick and lonely because this was the first Christmas in the new house without Harry, and you dassent say they wasn't a-prayin' too! Maybe you don't believe that amounts to anythin'—but I'm tellin' you it was a comfort for them to see and believe!"

I swallowed hard, recalling the look on Bruce's face as he stared at the star, when I knew he was praying that he might not fail his friends. Well, not daring to look at my wife, I said with all the sincerity I could feel:

"Yes, I believe God was close that night."

For the first time in her garrulous life the Farmer's Wife was stricken dumb. She looked at me as if an even greater miracle had been performed before her very eyes. ▼

"When the Wise Man Appeared" is reprinted from the Dec. 1943 **Philadelphia Bulletin** by permission of the author, William Ashley (Trot) Anderson.

CHRISTMAS is a Gi